Prince. Come hither, *Francis.*

Francis. My Lord.

Prince. How long hast thou to serve, *Francis*?

Francis. For fourth five yeeres, and as much as to ——

Poynes. *Francis.*

Francis. Anon, anon, sir.

Prince. Five yeares: berlady a long lease for the chincking of pewter. But *Francis*, darest thou be so valliant, as to play the coward with thy Indenture, and shew it a faire paire of heeles, and runne from it?

Francis. O Lord sir, i'le be sworne upon all the Bookes in *England*, I could finde in my heart.

Poynes. *Francis.* *Francis.* Anon sir.

Prince. How old art thou, *Francis*?

Francis. Let me see, about *Michaelmas* next I shall be——

Poynes. *Francis.*

Francis. Anon sir, pray you stay a little, my Lord.

Prince. Nay, but harke you *Francis*, for the Sugar thou gavest me, 'twas but a penny worth, was not so?

Francis. O Lord, I would it had beene two.

Prince. I will give thee for it a thousand pound, aske me when thou wilt, and thou shalt have it.

Poynes. *Francis.* *Francis.* Anon, anon.

Prince. Anon *Francis*? No *Francis*, but to morrow *Francis* or *Francis*, on Thursday: or indeed *Francis*, when thou wilt: But *Francis*.

Francis. My Lord.

Prince. Wilt thou rob this Leathern Jerkin, Christall button, Not-pated, Agat-ring, puke-stocking, Caddice-garter, Smooth-tongue, Spanish-pouch?

Francis. O Lord sir, who doe you meane?

Prince. Why then your Browne-bastard is your onely drinke: for looke you *Francis*: your white canvasse Doublet will sully. In *Barbary* sir, it cannot come to so much.

Francis. What sir? *Poynes.* *Francis.*

Prince. Away you rogue, dost thou not heare them call?

¶ *Heere they both call him, the Drawer stands amazed, not knowing which way to goe.* *Enter Vintner.*

Vint.

Vint. What, standst thou still, and
looke to the Ghests within. My Lord,
dozen more, are at the dore, shall I let

Pri. Let them alone a while, and th

Poynes. Anon, anon sir.

Pri. Sirra, *Falstaffe* and the rest o
doore, shall we be merry?

Poy. As merry as Crickets, my l
cunning match have you made with
come, what's the issue?

Pri I am now of all humors, that h
humors, since the old daies of good m
age of this present. Twelue a clocke
clocke, *Francis*?

Francis. Anon, anon sir.

Prin. That ever this fellow should
a Parrat, and yet the son of a woman
and downe staires, his eloquence the
am not yet of *Percys* minde, the *Hot*
kils me some 6. or 7. dozen of *Scots* a
hands, and sayes to his wife, Fie upo
work. O my sweet *Harry* sayes she!
to day? Give my Roan horse a drenc
some fourteene, an hour after: a trifle
Falstaffe, i'le play *Percy*, and that d
Dame *Mortimer* his wife. *Rivo*, saies
call in Tallow.

Enter Falstaffe

Poynes. Welcome *Iacke*, where ha

Fals. A plague of all cowards I
mary and Amen: give me a cup of
life long, i'le sow nether stocks, and
too. A plague of all cowards; Give
there no vertue extant?

Prince. Didst thou never see *T*
pittifull hearted *Titan*, that melte
Sun? if thou didst, then behold tha

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